



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



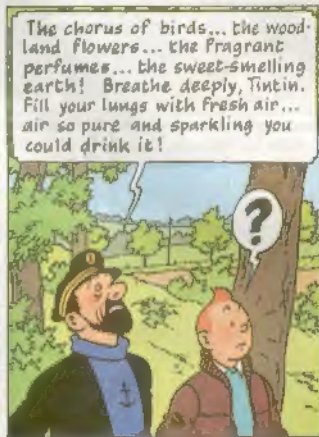
MAMMOTH



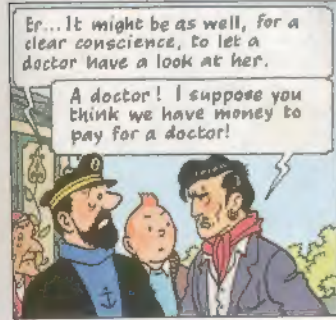
THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

Acc No: 146

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Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!



You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster...

Go on, go on!



The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune!... The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.



Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...



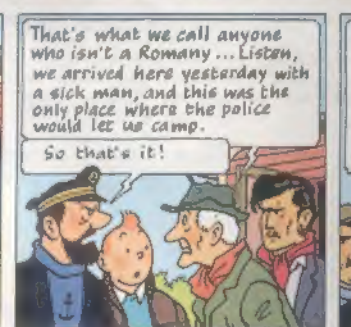
D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...



Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gajo.

Me, a gajo!



That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

So that's it!



Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.



?!

THUMP



Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggish of a builder coming?



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



Hello?... Hello! Mr Bolt? ... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher ... Yes, sir, ... Not at all, sir.



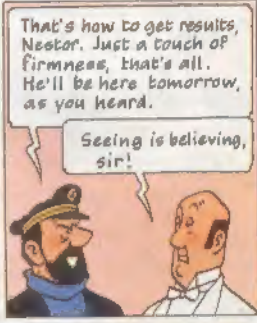
CRASH



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?



Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tire-some... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When?... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good- bye.



That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty! ... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castaflore!



Bianca Castaflore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪♪



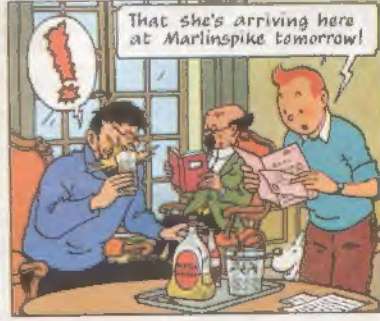
... past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.

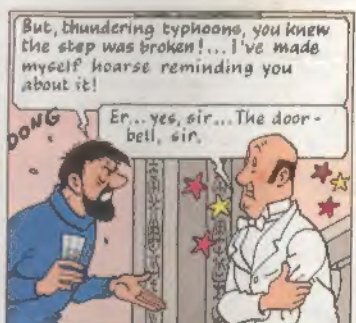
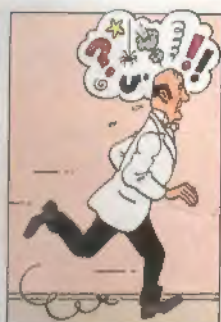
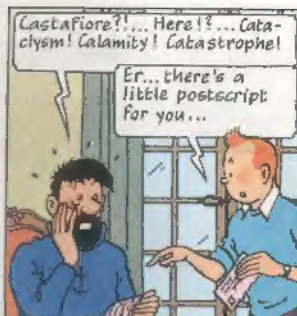


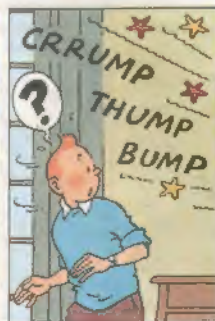
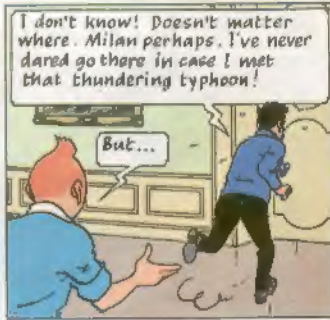
And what has that delightful creature to say?

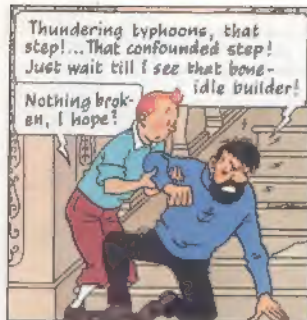
No, it's passed over.



That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!







Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you: the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...



Professor, you make me blush!

I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



Nestor, please show the signora to her room.

Yes, sir.



How kind... But first... er... Irma, where is the... er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?



In the taxi, madame. I'll fetch it.



I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat...
Il povero capitano!

That's very kind of you, but...



I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.



...this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me... er... greater pleasure.

Aha! I knew it!



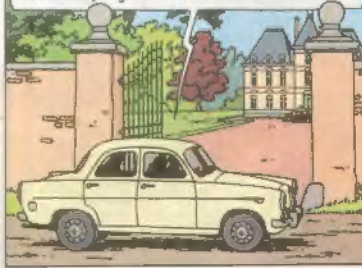
Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

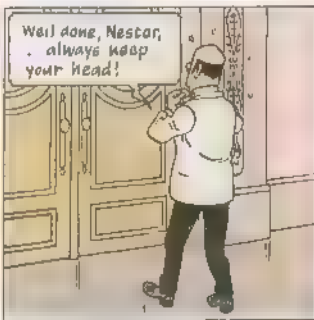
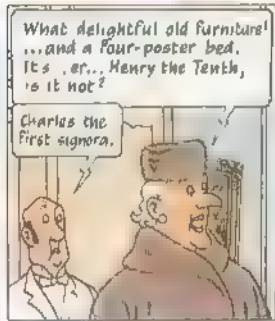
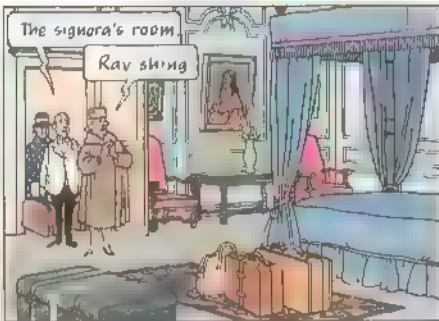
I can't stand animals who talk!

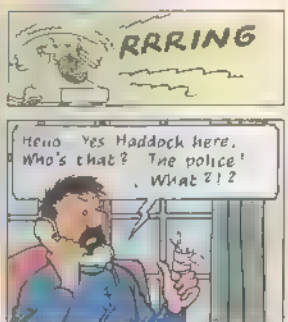
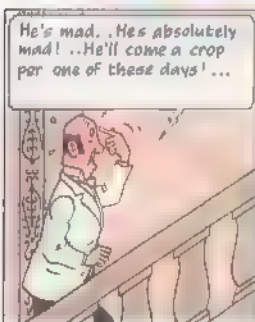
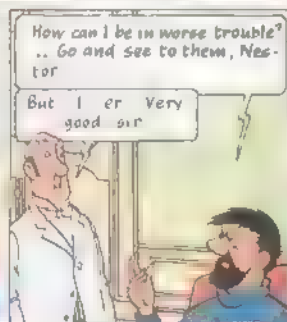
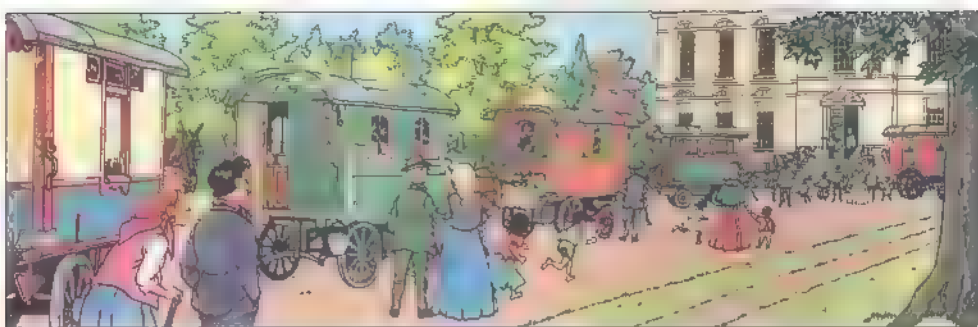


They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!









Ah, Captain. my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain! It's most generous... I beg your pardon... Did you say shut up?



No... not you?... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble! Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha!



Meanwhile

Mission completed all settled in



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us...



Not these, Mike, not these.

GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



WOOAH! WOOAH! ERRR! GRRR!

Snowy! More Snowy!



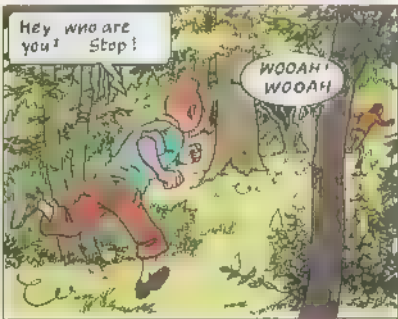
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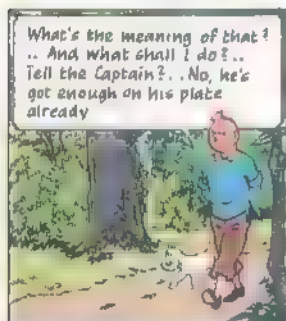
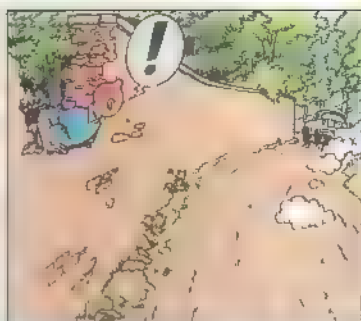
WOOAH! WOOAH!

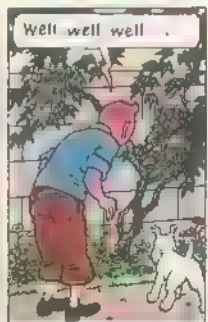
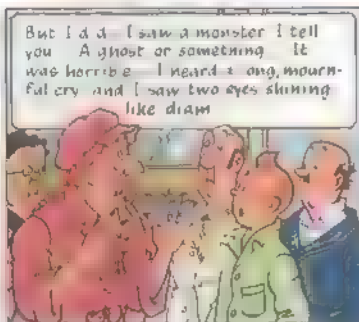


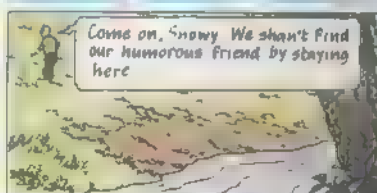
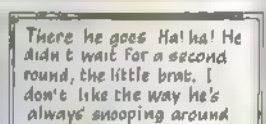
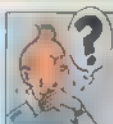
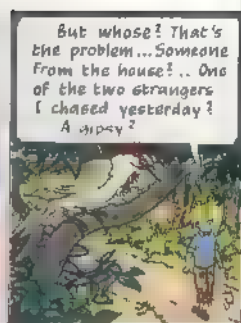
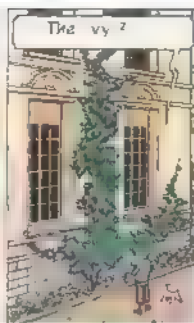
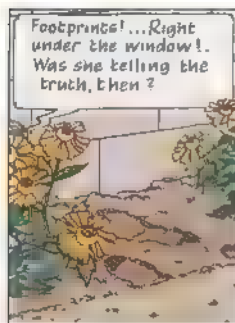
Hey who are you? Stop!

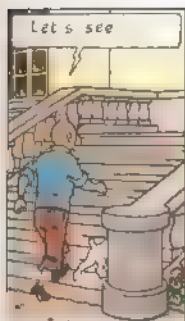
WOOAH! WOOAH!











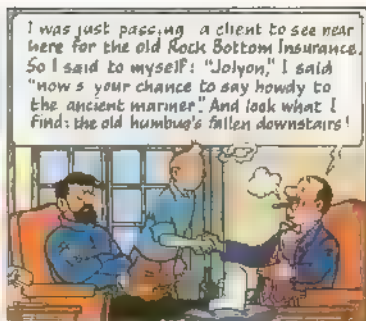
Let's see



Why, it's Mr Wagg. Hello!

Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hi there, boyo!



I was just passing a client to see near here for the old Rock Bottom Insurance. So I said to myself: "Jollyon," I said "now's your chance to say howdy to the ancient mariner." And look what I find: the old humbug's fallen downstairs!



What a scream! Anyway, a bit of luck I popped in. A proper godsend, that's me. This lady was just telling me about last night's caper. And what does Jollyon Wagg discover? Hold on to your hats.

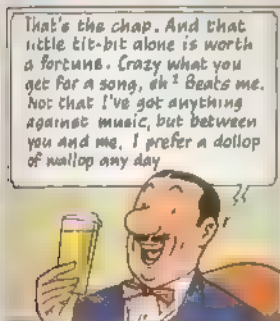


Her jewels, her famous jewels, aren't even insured! What about that? A proper carry-on, eh?

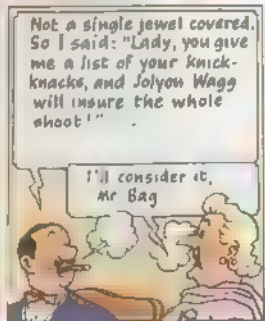


Worth thousands and thousands. She's got one little sparkler, an emerald .. Given to her out East by some character Marjorie something or other ...

Maharajah ... The Maharajah of Gopal



That's the chap. And that little tit-bit alone is worth a fortune. Crazy what you get for a song, eh? Beats me. Not that I've got anything against music, but between you and me, I prefer a dollop of wallop any day



Not a single jewel covered. So I said: "Lady, you give me a list of your knick-knacks, and Jollyon Wagg will insure the whole shoot!"

I'll consider it, Mr Bag



Fiddlesticks! It's all fixed.. I'll be back in a day or two with a policy. Cheerio for now, Duchess. Pleased to meet you!



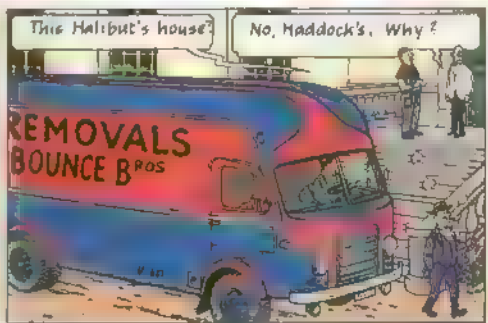
And if I were you, Lord Nelson, I'd get that step fixed

It had occurred to me I'm waiting for the builder



DONG

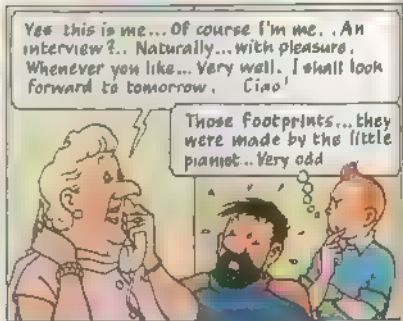
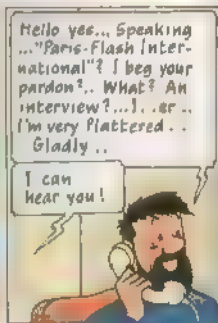
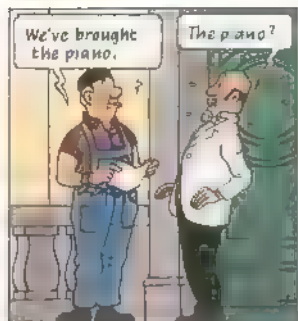
That's probably him now at the door.

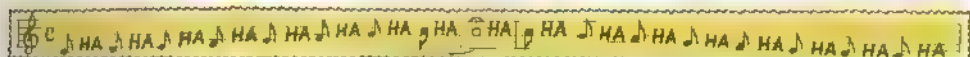


This Halibut's house?

No, Maddock's. Why?

REMOVALS
BOUNCE BROS





The next morning ...

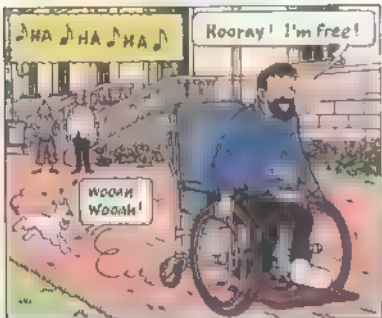
Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car

Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...



Kooray! I'm free!



Meanwhile

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen, I will inform the signora

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you? ...How's the foot?

Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg...Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps but in the sun it's really quite hot

Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

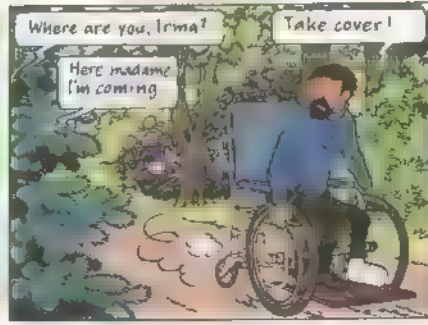
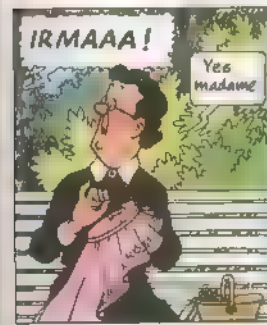
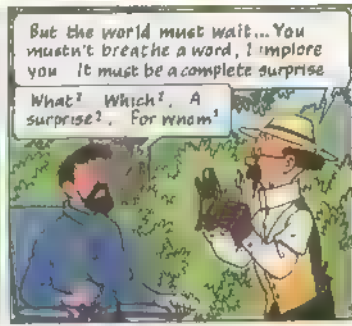
Well done! Splendid! Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue

No, no, white!... But such a white! ... Fearly, sparkling, immaculate! ... And the shape-perfect!...And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you

OW!

And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes madame

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz
Zzzz

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?... Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here. Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see! I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizzotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

'Morning

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Haesock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



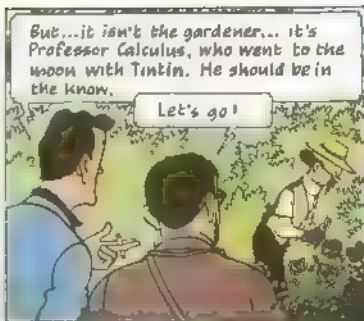
True or not, Marco my boy
t'll sell!

I can just see
the cover!



Look, a gardener. Come on,
we'll try to pump him

O.K.!



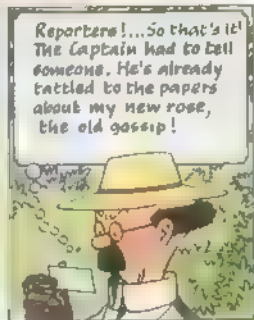
But...it isn't the gardener... it's
Professor Calculus, who went to the
moon with Tintin. He should be in
the know.

Let's go!

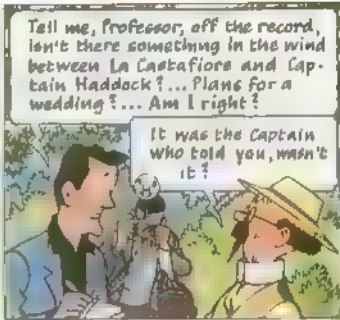


Good morning Professor May we in
troduce ourselves Christopher
Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto
of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card

From the Yard?

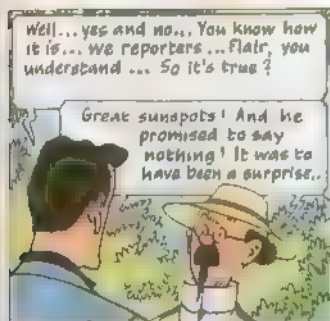


Reporters!... So that's it!
The Captain had to tell
someone. He's already
tattled to the papers
about my new rose,
the old gossip!



Tell me, Professor, off the record,
isn't there something in the wind
between La Castafiore and Cap-
tain Haddock?... Plans for a
wedding?... Am I right?

It was the Captain
who told you, wasn't
it?



Well... yes and no... You know how
it is... we reporters... Clair, you
understand... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he
promised to say
nothing! It was to
have been a surprise...



I quite understand. How
soon will it be?

It all depends
on the weather
... But it
could happen
any day now



Aha! So it's imminent, then!
And... how long has this been
fixed? Can you give any little
snippets about them... How
they first met, for example?

Precisely!... It
was two years
ago



...at the Chelsea Flower Show
But ah! Here she comes...
Sigmore Bianca, with the Captain
Not a word about this!

Right!



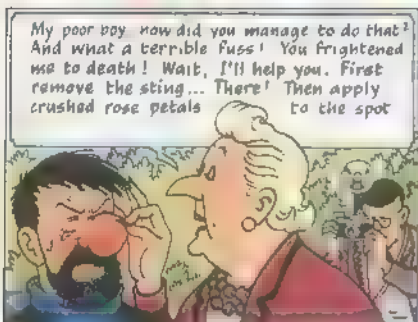
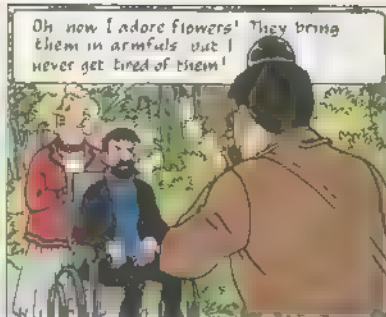
Er... the Professor was telling us... er, about
his roses. How magnificent they are!

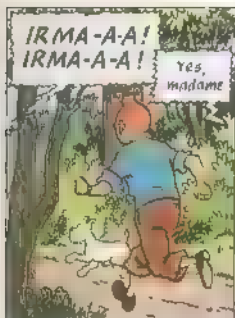
Exquisite! I was
just saying so to
Captain Haddock



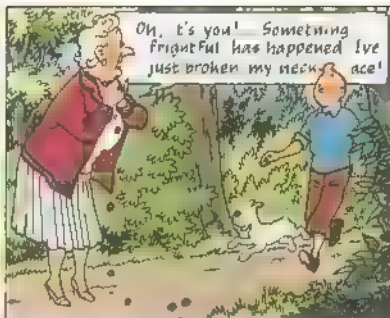
Meanwhile

Got that? Sugarplum
Orana - Semiramis...

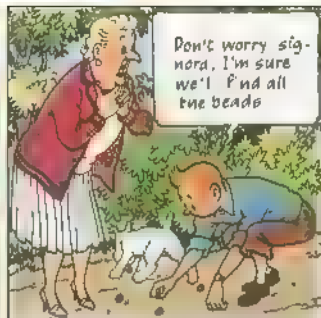




yes, madame



Oh, it's you! Something frightful has happened! I've just broken my necklace!



Don't worry signora, I'm sure we'll find all the beads



There you are at last! I've been calling you for hours. You should have been here to pick up my necklace.



I am so grateful, my young friend! It's not that this neck ace is particularly valuable: it's only fashion jewelry. But it's from Tristan Bior. And say what you like, Bior is still Bior!

Er... obviously!

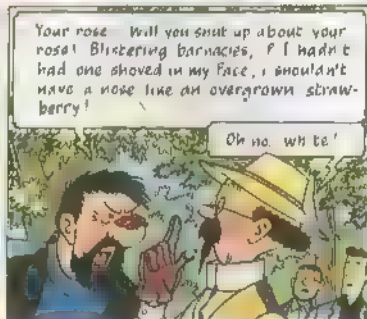


Now let's see about the Captain's nose



Don't think I'm angry with you Captain, but why did you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?



Your rose? Will you shut up about your rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't have a nose like an overgrown strawberry!

Oh no, white!



Excuse me, madame, have you seen my embroidery scissors... you know, the little gold ones

Why should I have seen them, girl? It's not my job to look after your things.

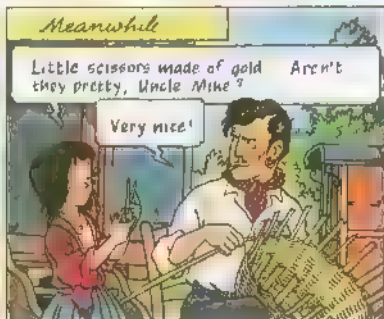


I didn't say that madame! It's strange, I had them earlier, when you called me the first time; when I returned to my seat I couldn't find them



We'll have a good look, my child... No one's going to steal a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame



Meanwhile

Little scissors made of gold. Aren't they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!

Three days later

A cartoon illustration of a man with a mustache, wearing a white shirt, a yellow and black striped vest, and dark trousers. He is looking down at a pile of five stars on the ground. He is standing in front of a building with a staircase. The text "Three days later" is written above him.

Yes, oh the gentleman from the Hall. Er, no, not been gone since first thing in the morning... Oh? He promised to come to you? I'm afraid I don't know. I'll tell him, sir... Yes, without fail, sir.



Thundering typhoons
If he doesn't come
tomorrow, get
someone else

Hello, is that you, old shipmate? ... This is Jolynn ... Congratulations! ... You old humbug, you certainly had your old pal fooled!

Had you fooled?
Me? I don't under-
stand.. What do
you mean?

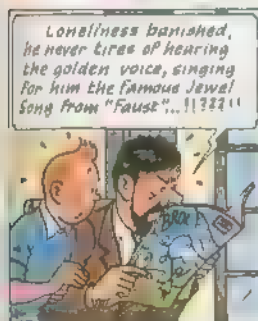
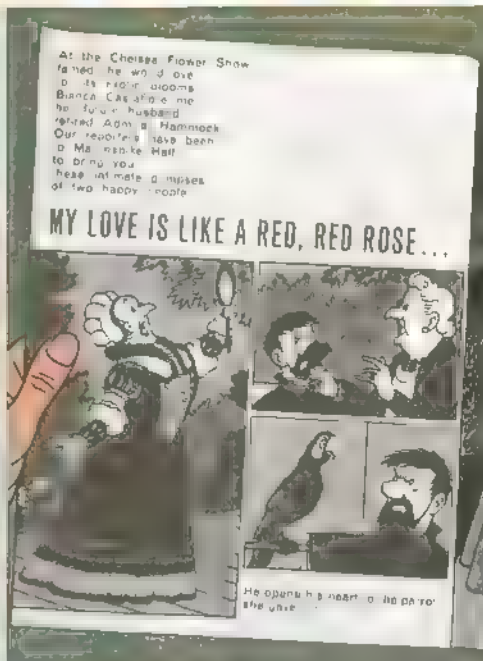
Ha! ha! ha! Still keeping your crap shut, eh? That's OK by me! Keep your hair on. I just wanted to be first to congratulate you.

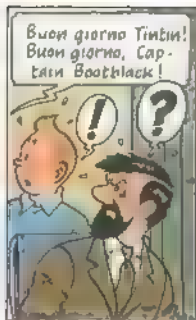
But...

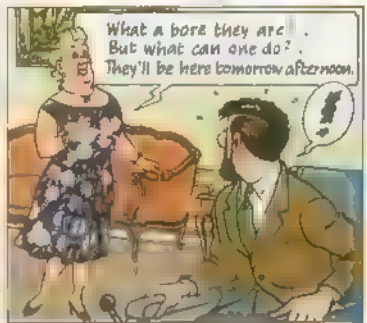
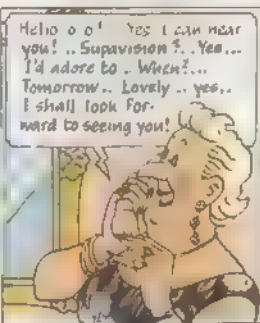
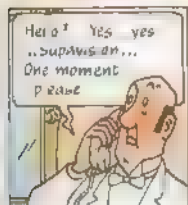
And don't let your Gastafiore do anything about...

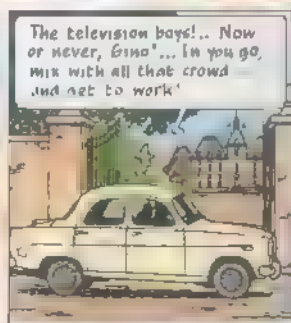
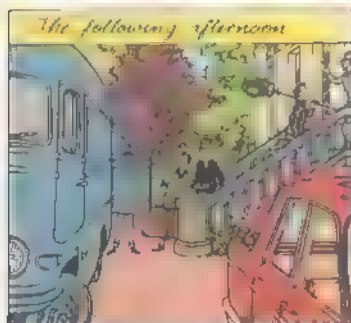
Oh well, forget it. I have a quiet

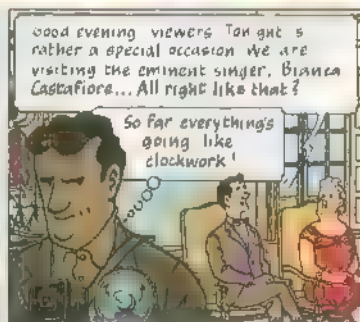
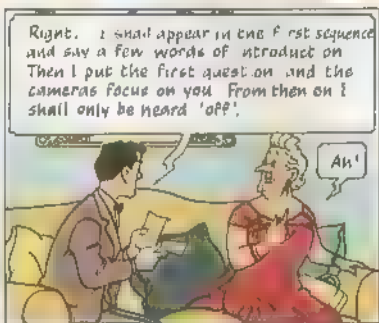






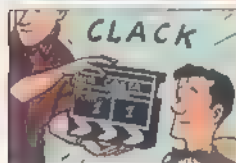
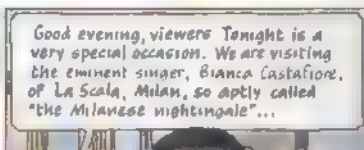
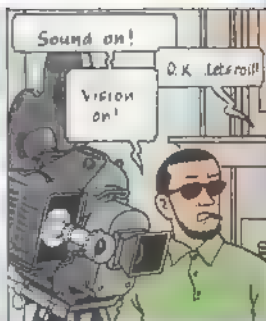








Er... My turn now?
.. Just a few words?
Well! I I'm
happy so very
happy Well I
don't really know
how to put it
Ah! ha' ha!



Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!

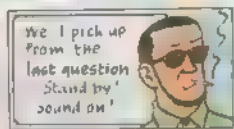


Come Professor let me explain...

Paused? Me? Paused? Certainly not, but...



We I pick up from the last question 'Stand by' sound on!



May I ask, signora, whether you have any plans?



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States where I shall stay for two months. They are longing to hear me.

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?



Then to South America to conquer the capitals.

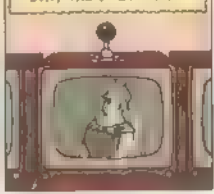
And reduce them to ruins as well!



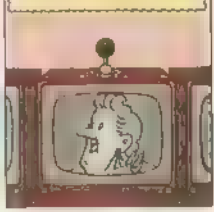
And tell me, signora, when will you perform on your tour or should I say, your triumphal progress?



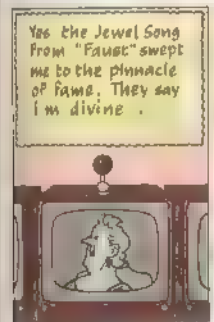
How well you put it! Yes as usual, I shall be singing Rossini, Puccini, Verdi, Gounod. Oh, silly me! Gounod!



Ah, Gounod? Wasn't it a Gounod that you achieved your greatest success, made your name famous?

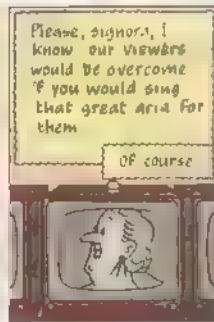


Yes the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine.



Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them.

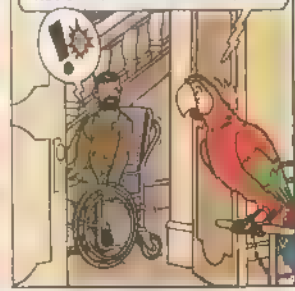
Of course!

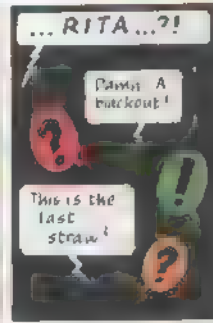


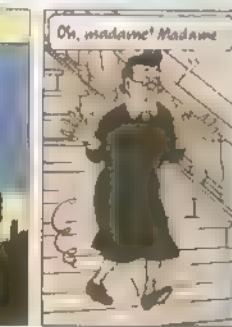
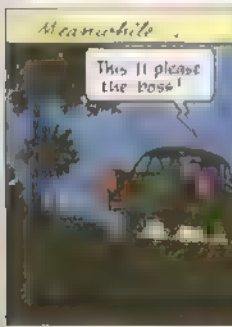
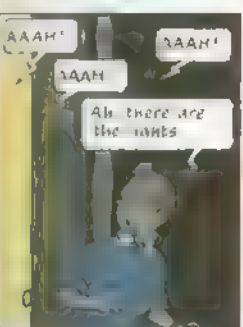
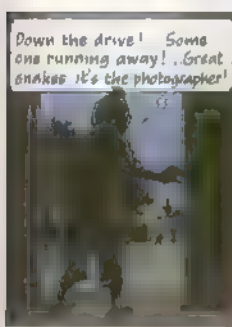
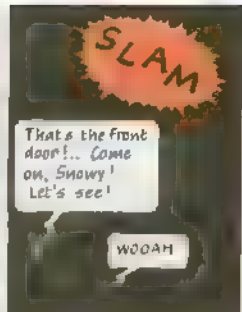
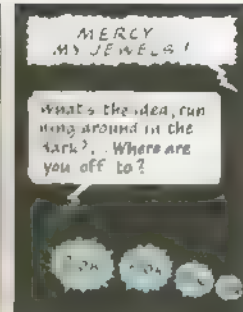
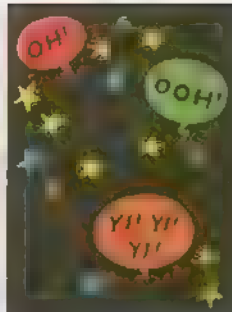
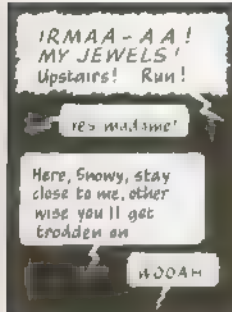
Emergency! Take cover! She's going to sing!

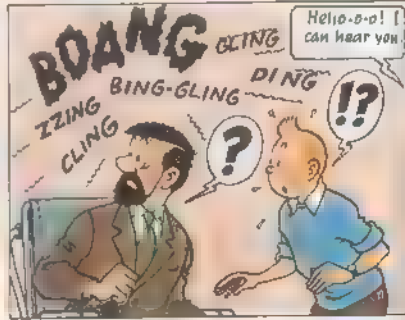
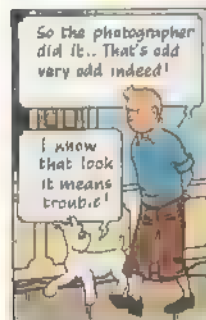
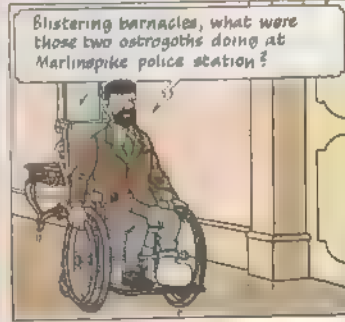
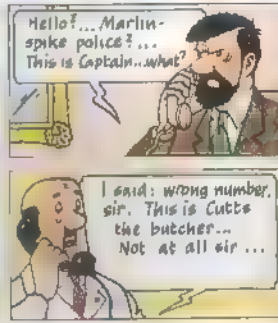
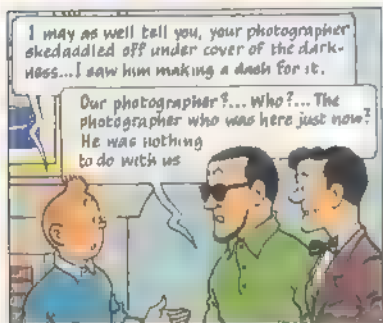


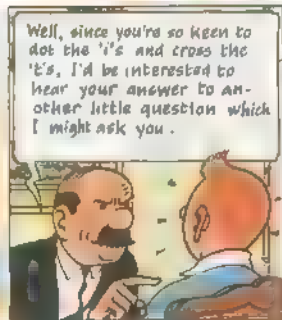
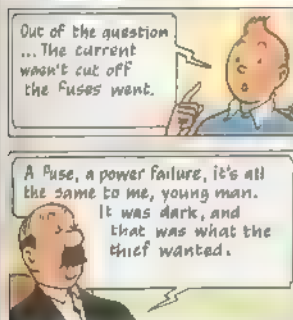
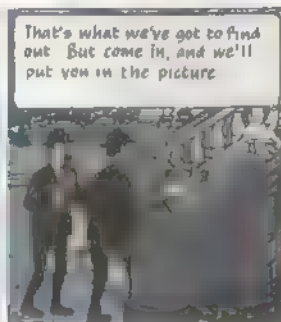
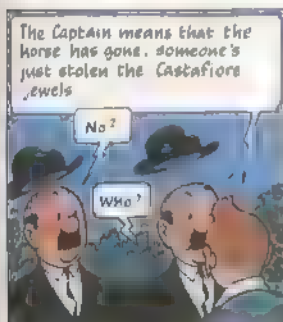
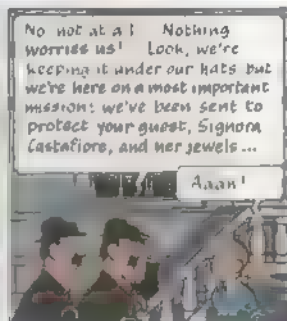
Hello o o! I can hear you!











You say the Fuses
blew... All right .
But did you discover
that for yourself?

It was Nestor who told
me when he came up
from the cellar

Nestor? .The
butler? Ana!

Aha!

Nestor, who once
worked for those
crooks the Bird brothers
...A good testimonial!

You know perfectly well, when
those gangsters were tried
the evidence proved
that Nestor knew
nothing of their
activities Anyway...

Anyway, blistering
barnacles Nestor
is absolute, y
honest, and I for-
bid you to suspect
him!

We shall see, we shall
see!... Meanwhile, we'll
proceed with the routine
questioning

Very well.
Follow me

Look out, there are cables
all over the place

Yes

We know

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives

No one is
to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore
I see she's come round

An Signora Nightingale the Milan-
ese Castafiore

Signora!

Charmus!

Madam we are here to set light
to er, to throw light on the
circumstances surrounding your
terrible loss

To be precise
er

Go on,
gentlemen

Just to clear up one
point madam, where
were the jewels usual-
ly hocked .. I mean
locked?

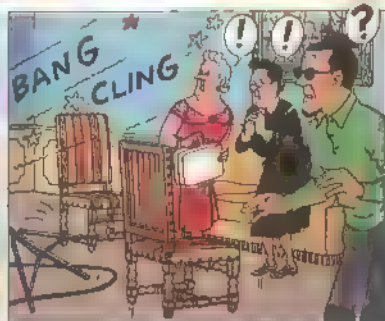
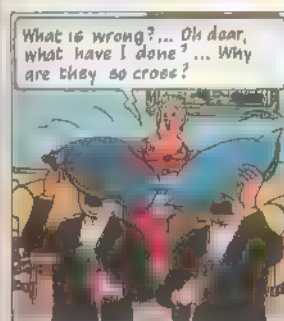
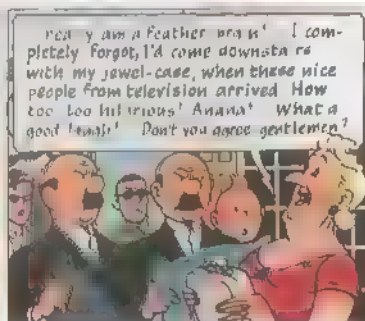
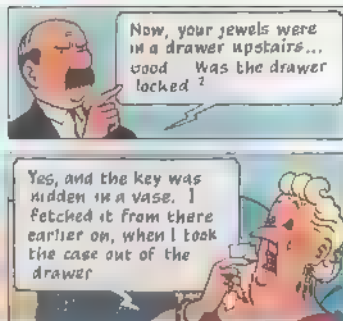
Dead or alive, we shall find them,
madam. Leave no stone unturned,
that is our policy... Which reminds
me: I presume your jewels are
fully insured?

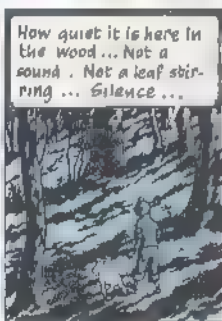
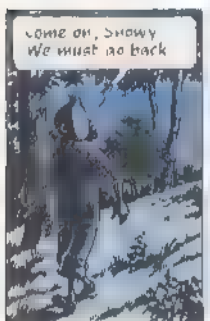
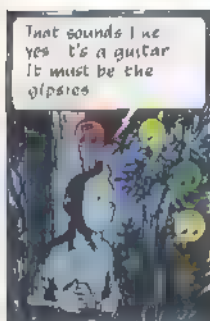
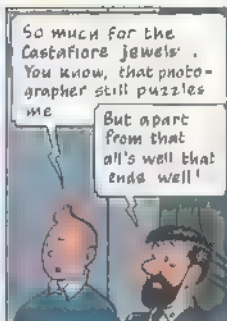
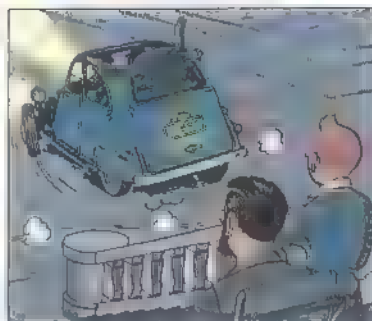
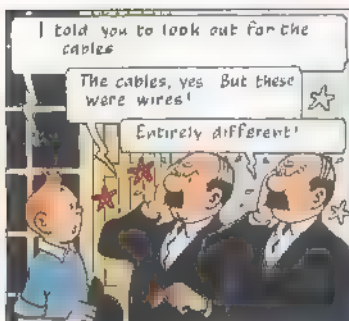
Alas, no,
gentlemen

Mr Swag promised to
fix the whole thing
up for me ...

In a drawer in my room,
upstairs .. Oh my jewels!
... My beautiful
jewels! ..

Swag? Fix it up?... Fix
what?, Madam, is this
some sort of conspir-
acy?





TU-WOOD

An owl! ... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy-Home!

Three days later

Yes... yes, I know... I mean... Yes, it was a wedding... er... my step-sister's cousin... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my fine friend, I'll... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do... but I won't stand for it!

★ ★ ★
SLAM ★

No! I won't stand for it! I tell you I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court! I'll have them locked up! To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know! Look at that!... It's shameful! It's a disgrace! It's monstrous!... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you!... Look at it!

TEMPO DI ROMA

LA DIVA E IL PAPPAGALLO
In questo numero alle pagg. 8-9-10

But what's the matter?... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

Not bad!... Not bad!... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

Horrible! I wouldn't say so... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness

That's right! Defend the cads! the bores! the bumpkins! Mannerless yokels! This is the limit! And it's not just a question of the likeness! It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?

I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing! You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer

Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark. Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"

And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!

Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!

So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been? ... And who gave you permission to go out? ... You have work to do, Mr Wagner; scales, Mr Wagner!

But

Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes signora
No signora
Yes signora

And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet? Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?

Me madame?

DONG

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!

Hello girl!

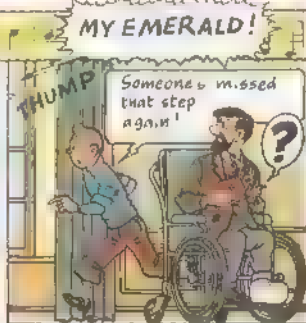
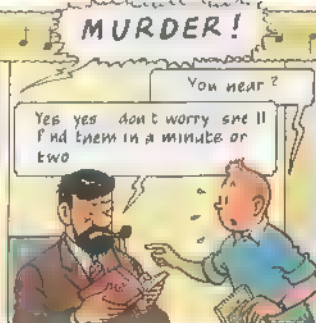
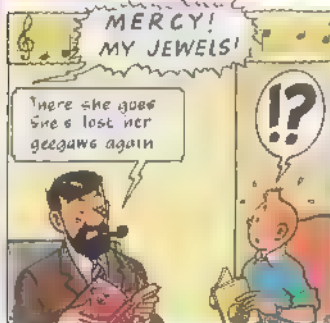
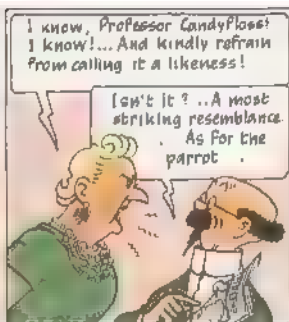
'Morning, Duchess. How goes it? All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right? - Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy

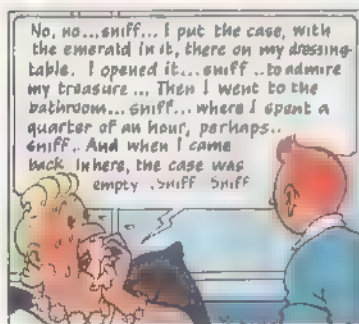
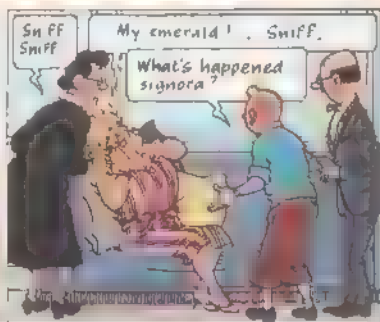
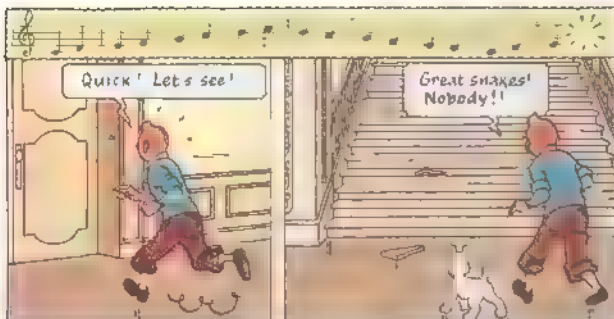
I'm so sorry, Mr Sag. You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr Sag!

Come offit! You're joking!

Don't try to argue, Mr Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr Sag! Good morning Mr Sag









Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.

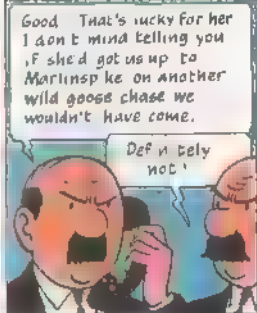


He lo? Yes this is me. Yes, with a p, as in Philadelphia. Good mor. What? A robbery? An emerald? But I look... Signora Castafiore. She's quite sure isn't she it really has been stolen this time?

A good question.

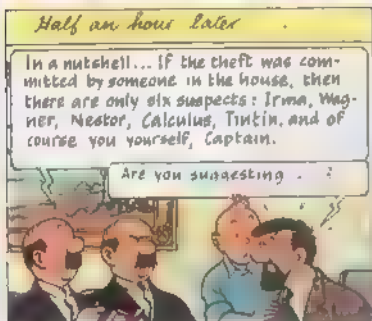


Yes, I'm afraid it has.



Good. That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Marlinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.

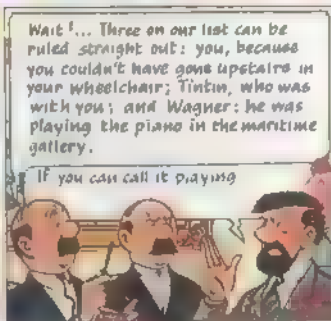
Definitely not!



Half an hour later.

In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting...?



Wait!... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing.



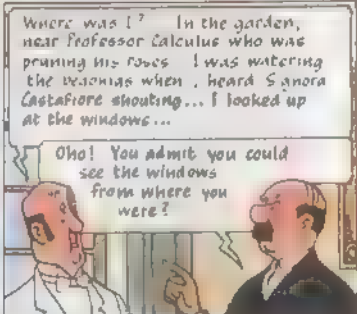
That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal?... You must be crazy!



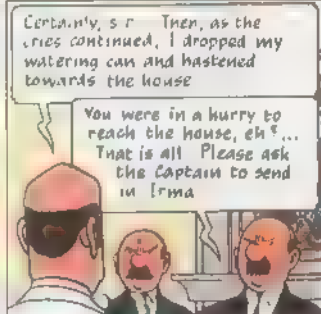
And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting my time.



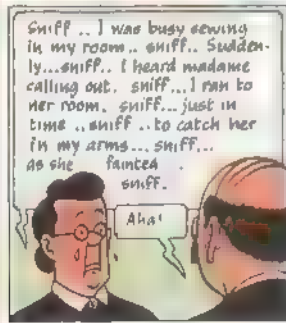
Where was I? In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses. I was watering the roses when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the windows...

Oho! You admit you could see the windows from where you were?



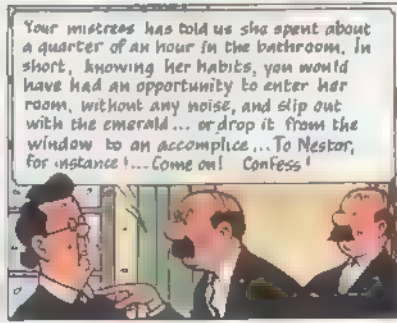
Certainly, sir. Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house.

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh?... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.



Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out. sniff... I ran to her room. sniff... just in time... sniff... to catch her in my arms... sniff... as she fainted. sniff.

Aha!



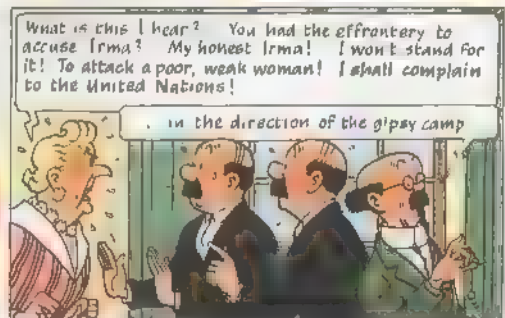
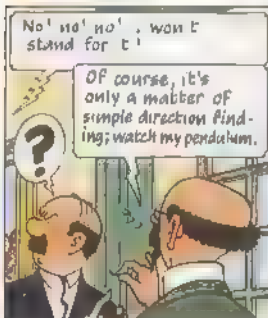
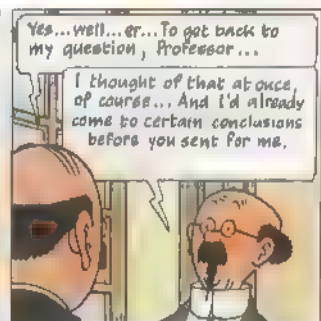
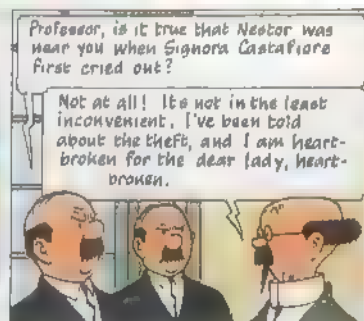
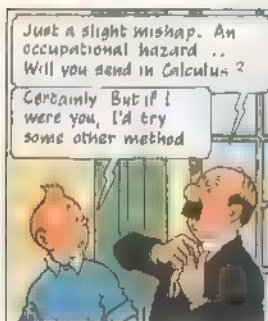
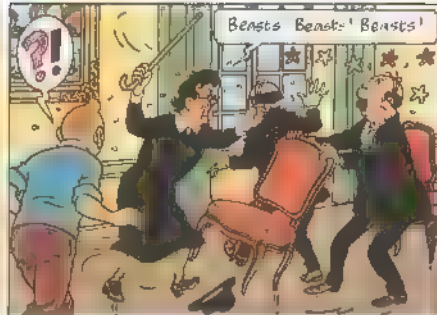
Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald... or drop it from the window to an accomplice... To Nestor, for instance!... Come on! Confess!



EEEEEEEEEEK!

Help!

Tintin! Save me!



And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma



I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!



You see? It points south east

Now ... where were we?

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.



A camp? What are you talking about?

Excuse me! I must stop you there! They are real gipsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!



I say, your friend Calculus is here a bit...er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close



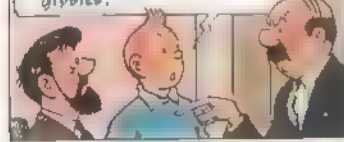
Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?



Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gipsies.



I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted. I don't think so!



Where's the camp?

OH!

Well?



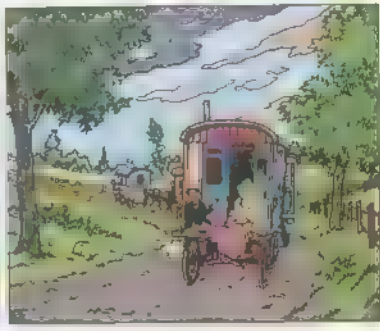
They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far



... calling all patrols Intercept band of gipsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ..



Two days later .

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" ... etc. etc... Ah! The gipsies who were camping near Marlinpike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair. There!

Those poor things ... And I'm absolutely certain they are innocent.

Me too, I'd stake my life on it... but...

Tintin! Captain! My dear Friends! ... A sensational discovery! Sen-sa-tion-al! ... I've just invented a television set!

You old pioneer!

Colour television, of course! The other day looking at all those sets I thought to myself what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already...

Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio?... What about that?

The studio? Er

I don't need to tell you... In the studio the subjects are all in colour... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours!.. How?.. How?.. Well roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcolor".

But that's brilliant!

You think so?... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scandrama"... Will you join me?

That evening

Now my friends, hold your breath!... This is an historic moment!

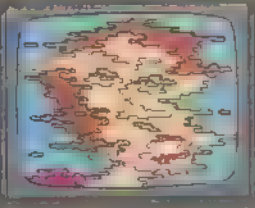
Tonight, BING Scandrama BONG your look at life. DONG

brings the big news of three continents to your fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of

...the 21st Tachist Party Congress at Szohod, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinpike.

Well, be... What a coincidence! How very strange!

At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohód, Marshal Kúrví-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it.



DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

That's better, isn't it?



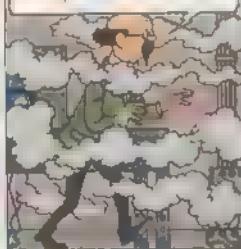
It's the sound, now

All right, eh?

The sound! Thunder! Typoons adjust the sound!



Oh dear! A wave has gone. It won't take long to replace.

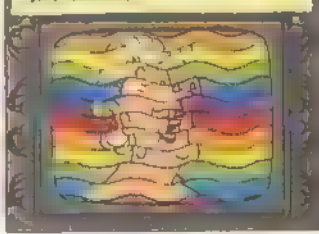


Ten minutes later

There! That's done it!



summary of the facts: As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country.



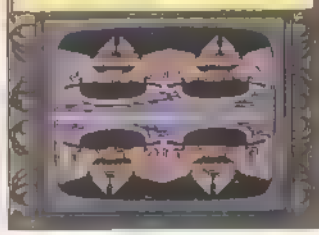
Ah, my beauty past compare. Is that me? Oh how nice!



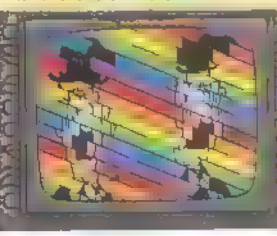
At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent opera diva vanished mysteriously!



Today a Scanorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson.



No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



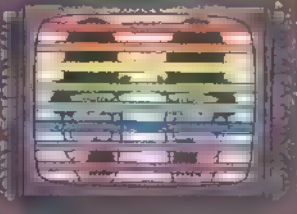
Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gipsies, though we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they left their lamp...er...left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!



Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...



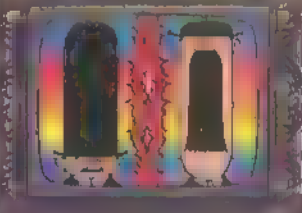
...we found a messed-up Flunkie or... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall. In fact, a man of remarkable agility. And that man has been found the monkey! Of course the whole bunch



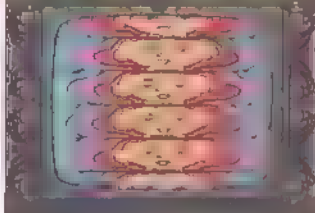
...denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl! As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



So that's how things stand but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play. Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy

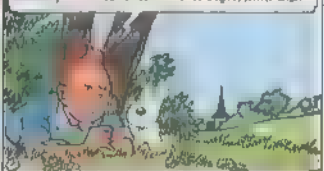
I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!

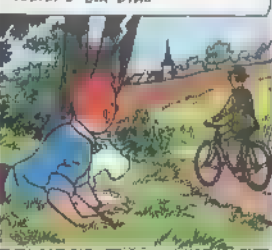


This mornin'

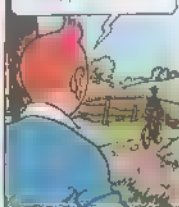
Poor gipsies!. I'm still convinced they're innocent.. I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike

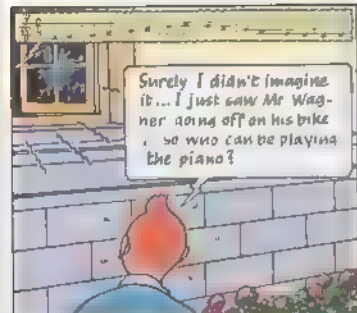


He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy




We'll go back n- doors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change.



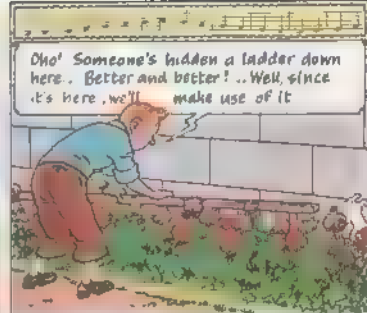


Surely I didn't imagine it... I just saw Mr. Wagner going off on his bike, so who can be playing the piano?




What have you found, Snowy?

Wasn' Woodie.



Oh! Someone's hidden a ladder down here. Better and better! ..Well, since it's here, we'll make use of it




He won't be back yet. Up we go!

!?

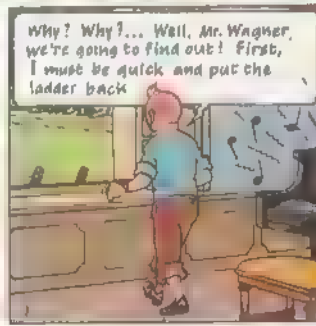
?



Great snakes!



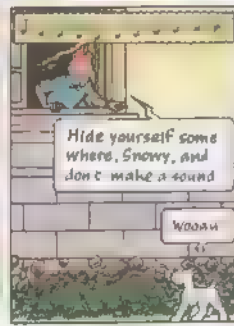
A battery tape recorder! It's a playback of his own scales! But what's it all in aid of?



Why? Why?... Well, Mr. Wagner, we're going to find out! First, I must be quick and put the ladder back




Take!

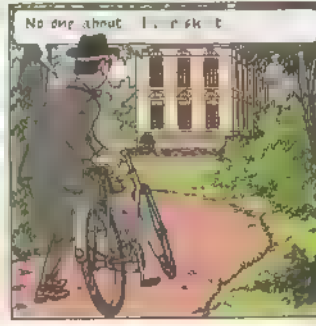


Hide yourself some where, Snowy, and don't make a sound

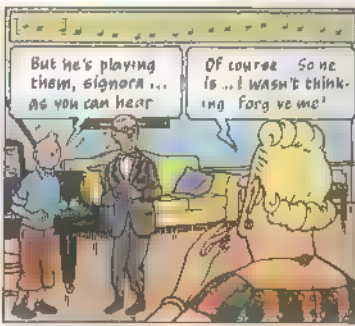
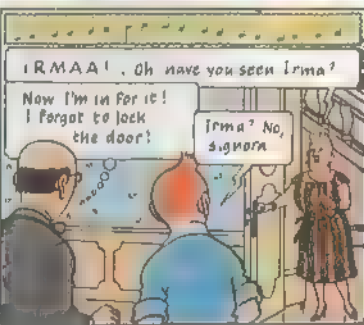
Woodie



And now, maestro I'm ready for you



No one about. I risk it



Thanks. But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to see you alone. Now, sit down at the piano. It's safer. Then talk.

At night? I'll tell you everything. It's the horses. I'm a gambler you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets..

Hmm!

Is that so? Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen. When some unknown person fell down the stairs. It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.

I'd been up to the attic and on my way down I heard Signora Castaflore cry out. I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?

Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there. At dusk, as the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end, I decided to get to the bottom of it.

Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself if it was only a false alarm. Anyway, I didn't find anything.

One last point. Mr Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castaflore's window.

Golly, how some people do love to talk!

Yes, it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good. That's all the explanation I need.

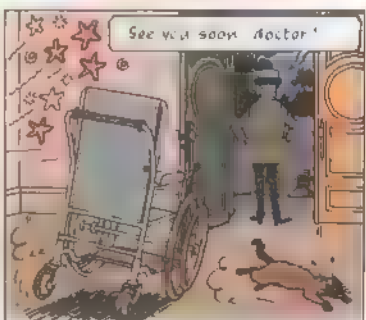
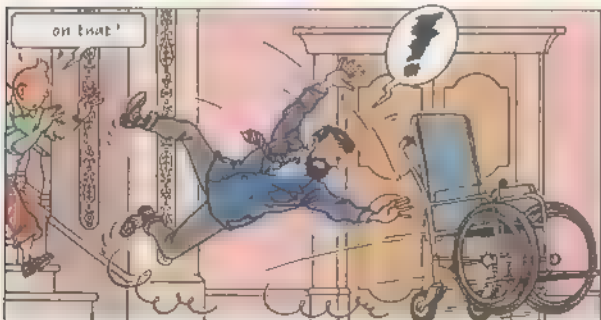
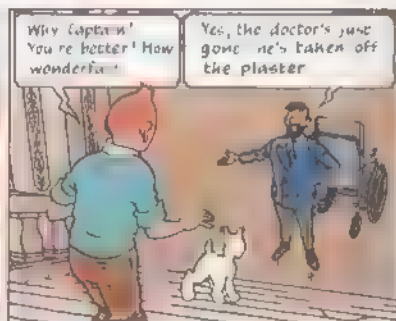
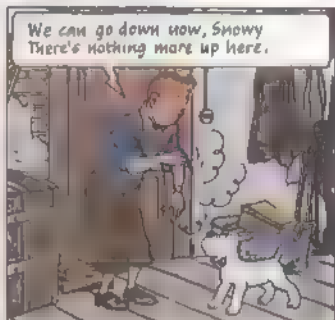
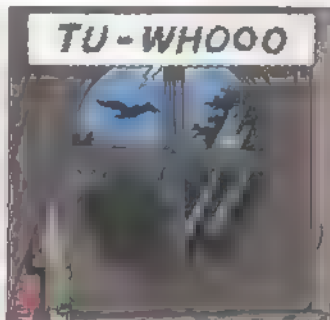
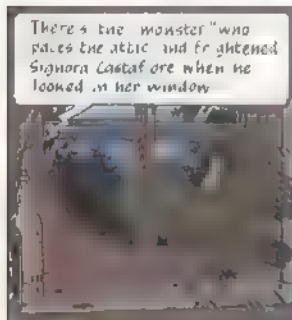
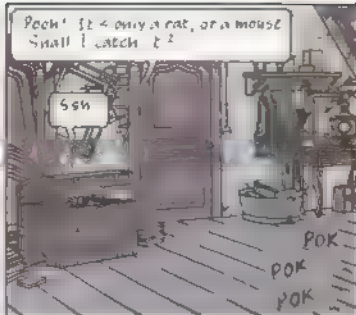
No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald. He seems to me to be telling the truth. Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!

In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

Ah... at last!

At nightfall

Shh





What's going to happen?



One day I really must turn out the clutter in this car!



What was it? ... What happened?

What happened? What was it?



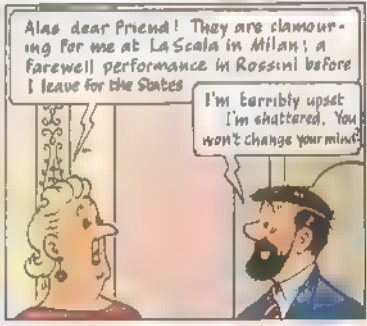
My dear Captain Kidlock why, you're up! ... I'm so glad.

Thank



It grieves me to cloud your happiness, but I have sad news for you: I must leave you tomorrow

No! ... Not really? It can't be true!



Alas dear friend! They are clamouring for me at La Scala in Milan; a farewell performance in Rossini before I leave for the States

I'm terribly upset I'm shattered, You won't change your mind!



You're an angel, trying to keep me here, but I already have my tickets

Ah!



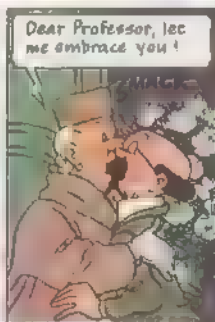
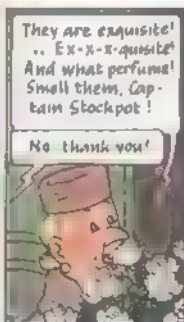
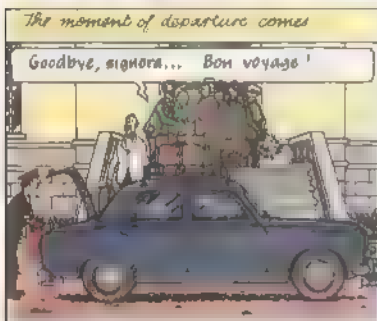
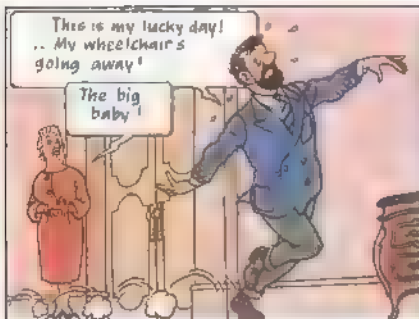
She's going! She's going!

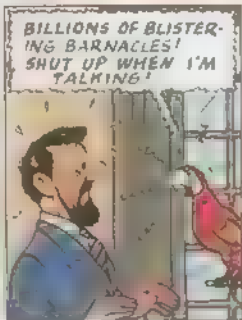


She's go go-go going away ♪♪ Hip hip hip hooray! This is my lucky day!



She's go guo guo! Ta-ra-ra-er um yes. H'mmm





Nightingale with a Broken Heart

MILAN, TUESDAY

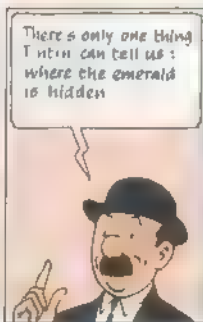
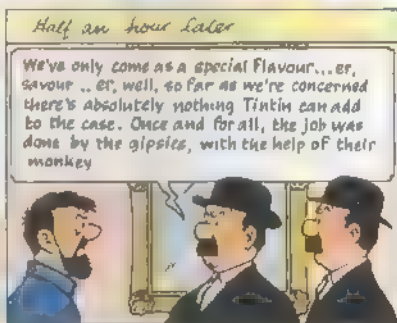
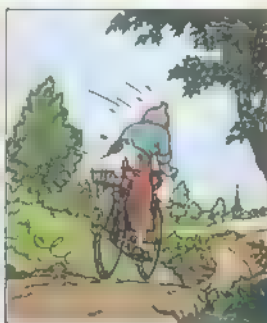
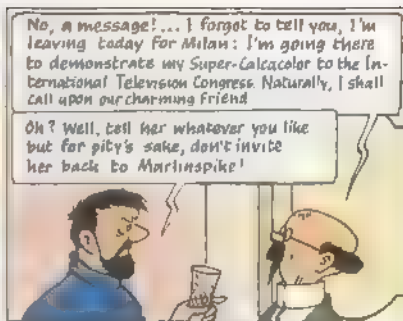
"Triumph...superlative...sublime...unforgettable!" proclaimed the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Casanofiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience accompanied her over-whelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

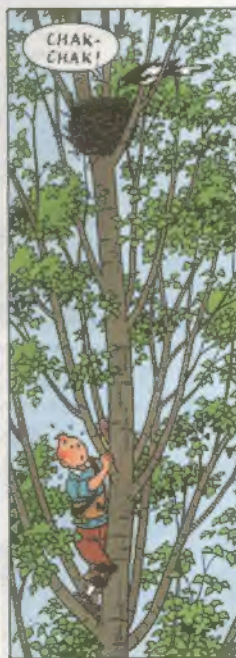
Time and again a delirious house roared their feverish curiaents! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marinispike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight









Look out for the dead branch!



No damage done!...What about you? Have you found anything?

Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble...



AND THE EMERALD! HERE'S THE EMERALD!!



Some bits of glass... a marble... and a monocle... That's the lot... I'm coming down.

Chak-chak

Thief!



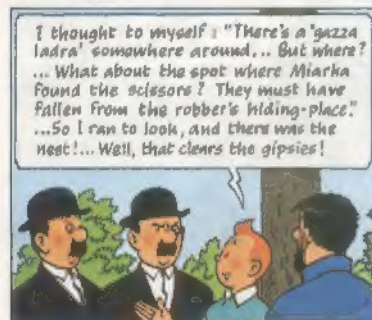
Wonderful!... Tintin, you're a genius!... But what on earth suddenly made you think of a magpie?

Do you remember the name of the opera they mentioned in the paper?



I don't know... "Pizza" or "Ragazza"... or something...

"La Gazza Ladra", in other words The Thieving Magpie! Then the light dawned!

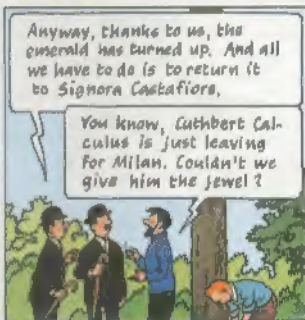


I thought to myself: "There's a 'gazza ladra' somewhere around... But where? ... What about the spot where Miarka found the scissors? They must have fallen from the robber's hiding-place." ... So I ran to look, and there was the nest!... Well, that clears the gipsies!



Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It's really too bad of them!

You'd think they'd done it on purpose!



Anyway, thanks to us, the emerald has turned up. And all we have to do is to return it to Signora Castafiors.

You know, Cuthbert Calculus is just leaving for Milan. Couldn't we give him the jewel?



Definitely not! We and we alone must restore the emerald: we are in beauty doomed!...

As you like: here it is.



You know, what pleases me is the relief for the gipsies. They'll be completely cleared of suspicion now.

It's a sight for sore eyes...

To be precise, I'd say...



??

OH!



What are you doing ?

It's...er...it's the... it's the emerald... it fell on the grass... And the grass is green...

As green as grass!



That's rich!... Yes, that's rich!... Oh, it's marvellous!

It could happen to anybody...



Woah! Woah! Here's your brandy-ball!



There! And hang on to it, this time!

Trust me!



A few minutes later...

Goodbye, my friends. I'm just off... Is there any message for Signora Castafiore?

Yes, indeed!



Wonderful news! You can tell her that her emerald has been found... by Tintin!

Oh no! I'm flying; it's so much quicker.



I said the Castafiore emerald has been found! The em-er-aid!

THE EMERALD !!



Certainly not... I never do... I make it a point of honour to declare everything at the customs... Goodbye.



It's all right, Captain... Calm down! All we have to do is send a telegram to Signora Castafiore.

I won't forget to give her your invitation...



We're off now... taking the mule to Japan... er, making the gruel... faking the jewel... Anyway, goodbye, Captain.

Goodbye! Goodbye!

Goodbye! And thanks for trying to help with the case.



Have you got the emerald?

No, you've got it!

Excuse me, I gave it to you!

You certainly did not!...



Next morning...

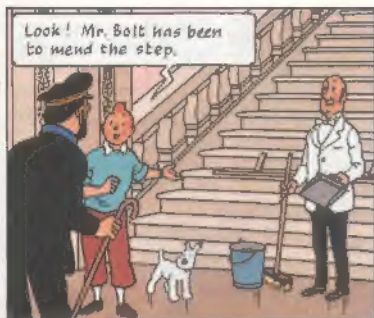
What a glorious walk... Not a cloud in the sky! ... Perfect peace! ... Wonderful!...



Ah, there you are! Look here!

Why?... What's happened?... Don't tell me SNE's come back!

Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...

Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!



Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.

For the next few days you must step over... like this-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



You see! It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



DONG!

Hello... Who's that?



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...

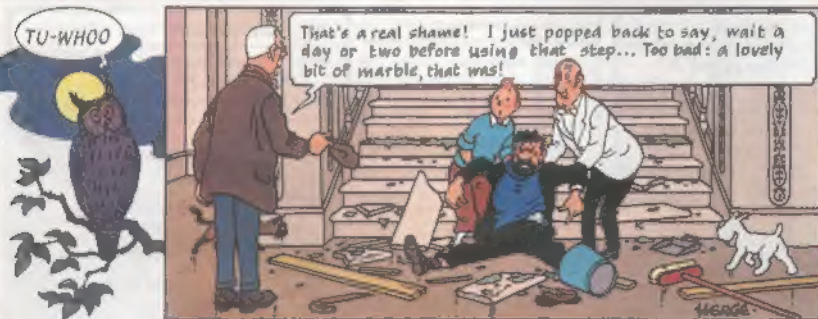


Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO

That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!



CHAK-CHAK

Blistering barnacles, that's the end!

